



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

VOL. XIV—NO. 51.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 727.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

[Letters received from St. Helena, give a singular and affecting Narrative of six deserters from the Artillery of that island. The extraordinary adventures produced a Court of Enquiry, on the 14th of December last, when JOHN BROWN, one of the survivors, delivered the following account, upon oath:—]

"IN June, 1799, I belonged to the 1st company of Artillery, in the service of this garrison, and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner, and orderly of the 2d company, asked me if I was willing to go with him on board an American ship called the Columbia; after some conversation I agreed, and met him about seven o'clock at the play house, where I found one M'Quin, of Major Seal's company, another man called Brighthouse, another man called Parr, and the sixth, Mathew Conway.

"Parr was a good seaman, and said he would take us to the Island of Ascension, or lay off the harbor till the Columbia could weigh anchor and come out. We went down about eight o'clock to the West Rock, where, the American boat was waiting for us, manned with three American seamen, which took us along side of the Columbia.

"Brighthouse and Conway proposed to cut a whale boat from out the harbor to prevent the Columbia from being suspected, which they effected.

"We observed lanterns passing on the line to the gate, and hearing a great noise, as though we were missed and searched for; we immediately embarked in the whale boat, with about twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, and a keg of water, supposed to contain about thirteen gallons, one compass and quadrant, given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbia; but in our hurry, the quadrant was either left behind or dropped overboard.

"We then left the ship, pulling with two oars only to get ahead of her—the boat was half full of water, and nothing to bale her out: in this condition we rowed to sea, and lay off the island a great distance, expecting the American ship hourly.

"We continued our course till about the 18th, in the morning, when we saw a number of birds, but no land. About twelve o'clock this day, Parr said he was sure we must be past the island, accounting it to be 800 miles from St. Helena. We then each of us took our shirts, and with them made a sort of a spritsail, and laced our jackets and trowsers together at the waistband to keep us warm, and then altered our course to west by north thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coast. Provisions running very short, we allowed ourselves one ounce of bread for twenty-four hours, and two mouthfuls of water.

"We continued until the 25th, when our provisions were expended. On the 27th, M'Quin took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew and we all followed his example. On that night, it being my turn to steer the boat, and remembering to have read of persons in our situation eating shoes, I cut a piece off one of mine; but it being soaked with salt water, I was obliged to spit it out and take the inside sole, which I eat

part of and distributed to the rest, but found no benefit from it.

"On the last of July, Mr. Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat. We all fell on our knees and thanked God for his goodness to us. We tore up the fish and hung it to dry; about 4 o'clock we eat part of it, which agreed with us pretty well. On this fish we subsisted till the 4th, about 11 o'clock, when finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, myself, Brighthouse and Conway, proposed to scuttle the boat and let her go down, to put us out of our misery; the other two objected, saying, that God who made man, always found him something to eat.

"On the 5th, about 11 o'clock, M'Kinnon, proposed it would be better to cast lots for one of us to die, in order to save the rest, to which we consented. The lots were made. William Parr, being sick two days before with the spotted fever, excluded. He wrote the numbers out which we drew out of a hat blindfolded, and put them in our pockets. Parr then asked whose lot it was to die; none of us knowing what number was in our pocket; each one praying to God that it might be his lot. It was agreed that No 5 should die; and the lots being unfolded M'Kinnon's was No. 5.

"We had agreed that he whose lot it was should bleed himself to death; for which purpose we had provided ourselves with a knife, which we got from the boat. M'Kinnon with one of them cut himself in three places, in his foot, hand and wrist, and praying God to forgive him, expired in about a quarter of an hour.

"Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse, with one of those nails, cut a piece of flesh off his thigh and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat. About three hours after we all eat of it—only a very small bit. This piece lasted until the 7th. We dipped the body every two hours into the sea to preserve it. Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, he sharpened it on the other large stone, and with it cut another piece off the thigh, which lasted until the 8th, when it being my watch, and observing the water about break of day to change color, I called the rest, thinking we were near shore, but saw no land, it not being quite daylight.

"As soon as day appeared, we discovered land right ahead, and steered towards it. About eight o'clock in the morning we were close to the shore, there being a very heavy surf, we endeavored to turn the boat's head to it; but being very weak, we were unable—soon after the boat upset!—Myself, Conway and Parr, got on shore. M'Quin and Brighthouse were drowned.

[The land they were driven upon proved to be St. Salvador. They were kindly treated by the inhabitants, who strove to relieve their distresses, and benevolently furnished them with the means of conveyance to Europe.]

SCRAP.

A More glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this—that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on our's.

ON DUELS.

THE disuse into which most of the barbarous customs of antiquity have fallen, is one of the principal alterations in human society, which has served to promote the happiness of mankind. To destroy such customs has always been a laborious task; because of the prejudice of men in favor of the practices of their forefathers. To the same cause we may attribute the impossibility of effecting any change of manners otherwise than by a long series of vigorous exertions. While the destruction of some of those customs which were most pernicious, has been happily accomplished, others have been retained for ages, without suffering any material alteration. Of the latter description is the inhuman practice of duelling; concerning the origin of which, we are left to form such opinions as we think are most consistent with reason. It is, perhaps, coeval with the first formation of society, when the deficiency of language rendered some other expedient necessary to decide the numerous quarrels which must have arisen among men, when they were little superior to the brute creation.

The height to which duelling was carried in the times of the Feudal System, is almost incredible. In every history of those times, may be found instances of duels being fought with more than savage ferocity; and upon such slight pretences as should have exposed the parties to perpetual derision. Tilting-matches were the principal diversions of the great men, in which Kings frequently engaged, at the risk of their lives, without a wish to obtain any thing more than the honor, which was conferred on those who killed their opponents.

Duels are now so frequent among of the nations of Europe, that the art of fencing is esteemed a necessary qualification for all who wish to sustain the characters of gentlemen. It is very astonishing that a practice, so repugnant to every principle of humanity, should be cherished by any who regard the happiness of their fellow creatures. The great numbers which have been deprived of relations on whom they were dependent, and by whose death they were left helpless and destitute of friends, furnish sufficient reason for condemning this practice. The connexions of the deceased must be doubly grieved, when they reflect on the cause and manner of his death.

To have a friend or relation torn from us in the commission of such an unlawful act as duelling, must certainly cause the most disagreeable sensations. Where duelling has been prevalent, society has been deprived of some of its best members, who have sacrificed their own opinions to those of the populace, by giving or accepting challenges, which have brought them to untimely deaths.

The advocates for duelling say that it is an honorable and glorious method of revenging an injury. This is so far from being the case, that it is the most irrational method that can be devised; for instead of giving the innocent that superiority which they ought to have, it reduces them to the same level with the guilty.

[Middlebury Mercury.]

REMARK.—Our taste declines with our merit.

EXTRAORDINARY FLEXIBILITY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

JOSEPH CLARKE, a well-made man, and rather stout, exhibited, in the most natural manner, every species of deformity and dislocation to which the human form is liable. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, who came to measure him for clothes, by changing his posture, and apparently his shape when the clothes were bro't home. He could dislocate the vertebrae of his back, and other parts of his body, and resume their proper form at his pleasure. He once presented himself in this situation as a patient, before Molins, a famous surgeon, who shocked at his appearance, refused to attempt the cure. He often passed for a cripple with persons, who but a few minutes before had been conversing with him. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but alter his features and countenance. He could assume all the professional, characteristic and singular faces he had observed at the Theatre, or any other place of public resort. He was by profession a posture master, and died in London about the commencement of the reign of King William.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

ONE evening, while the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Chartres were playing very deep with Gen Smith, at Paris, a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying their relief. A plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis d'ors a-piece; but, when it came to General Smith, who was just going to throw for a stake of five hundred louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment, if you please, here goes for the widow!" He threw, was successful, and instantly swept the whole into the plate and sent it down to her.

The above anecdote is a fact, and deserves to be recorded in honor of the benevolent gambler. — [Lond. pap.]

EXQUISITE POLITENESS

AT the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a Mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her Majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return, the weather being very warm, as they passed through a wide brook, Mr Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him, which her Highness observing, called out to him "Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr Mayor;" but the magistrate, veiling his bonnet, and bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nay, nay, may it please your Majesty's horse to drink first."

ELECTIONEERING.

AT the late election, (says a London paper) a farmer's wife was applied to by the friends of a candidate to solicit her husband for his vote and interest, at the same time dropping something for a new ribbon. The woman flew into a rage, returned the present, and vowed her husband should never be bribed with her consent. The officious friends where at a loss how to proceed; but at last thought of procuring a Lottery Ticket for the good woman's acceptance, and shares for her children. This clenched the business; the farmer voted for the "gemman," and he got his election. The ticket was afterwards drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds.

ANECDOTES.

WHEN Lord Mansfield once went the Oxford circuit, an old fellow, who was an evidence in a cause relative to a pathway through a common, gave the best evidence he could; but said he wished they had been present when a cause of the same sort was argued by a damn'd clever fellow, whose name was Murray, who made all as clear as the day. "But he is dead, God rest his soul, (added he) and I shall never see the like of us again."—"Stop, (said Lord Mansfield) you must not swear in court; pray how long has this man been dead?"—"O, many years, I'm told,—before your worship was born for aught I know; but he was a damn'd clever fellow, swear or not swear."

IT is recorded of Philip V. of Spain, that in his will he ordered 100,000 masses to be said for the repose of his soul; but that nothing might be wasted there was a saving clause, that in case a smaller number should prove sufficient to conduct him to Heaven, the surplus should be performed for the benefit of the souls of the poor of the parish in which he should die.

BROWN'S ODE ON A FIT OF THE GOUT.

WHEREFORE was man thus form'd with eye sublime,
With active joints to traverse hill or plain,
But to contemplate nature in her prime,
Lord of this ample world his fair domain?

Why on this various earth such beauty pour'd,
But for thy pleasure, man, her sovereign lord?

Why does the mantling vine her juice afford

Nectarious, but to cheer with cordial taste?

Why are the earth, and air, and ocean stor'd

With beast, fish, fowl,—if not for man's repast?

Yet what avails to me, or taste, or sight,

Exil'd from every object of delight?

So much I feel of anguish, day and night,

Tortur'd, benumb'd; in vain the fields to range

Me vernal breezes and mild suns invite;

In vain the banquet smokes with kindly change

Of delicacies; while on every plate

Pain larks in anguish, and alluring fate.

Fool, not to know the friendly powers create

These maladies in pity to mankind;

These abdicated reason reanimate,

When lawless appetite usurps the mind;

Heaven's faithful centries at the door of bliss

Plac'd to deter, or to chastise excess.

Weak is the aid of wisdom to repress

Passion perverted—Philosophy how vain!

'Gainst Circe's cup, enchanting sorceress!

O when the lyren sings her warbling strain.

Whate'er or fates teach or bards reveal,

Men still are men, and learn but when they feel.

As in some free and well-poss'd commonweal

Sedition warns the rulers how to steer,

As storms and thunders rattling with loud peal,

From noxious dregs the dull horizon clear;

So when the mind imbrutes in sloth supine,

Sharp pangs awake her energies divine.

Cease then, oh cease, fond mortal, to repine

At laws, which nature wisely did ordain:

Pleasure, what is it? rightly to define,

'Tis but a short liv'd interval from pain:

Or rather, each, alternately renew'd,

Gives to our lives a sweet vicissitude.

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

WHILST Fortune smiles, and plenty fills your board,
Whilst copious draughts your cheering vaults afford,
Whilst rosy health supports the human frame,
Whilst credit lasts, and whilst exists your fame,
Whilst you've a plenty, and whilst cash to spend,
So long you're known, so long you have a FRIEND!

But change the scene—let fickle Fortune frown,

You stand forsaken, and, alas, unknown!

Let wretched poverty and hunger press,

Let want hang out the ensigns of distress;

Let sore affliction sink your feeble frame,

Let cruel slander wound your honest fame;

Let neighbors slight you, and let credit fail,

Let sheriffs come, and creditors assail:

Where's then your friends? Alas! you search in vain,

Self-interest sways, unheeded you complain!

Alas! how oft, in Friendship's garb array'd,

Deception triumphs, hapless man's betray'd!

Pretended friends in every clime abound,

But real friends are "rare as comets" found.—

Ye who pretend the human heart to know,

Show me a FRIEND, and I'll an ANGEL show!

ANACREONTIC.

OBSERVE, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;

And then the dewy cordial gives

To every thirsty plant that lives.

The vapors, which at evening weep,

Are beverage to the swelling deep!

And when the rosy Sun appears,

He drinks the ocean's misty tears.

The Moon too quaffs her pale stream

Of lustre, from the solar beam—

Then, hence with all your sober thinking,

Since Nature's holy law is DRINKING;

I'll make the laws of Nature mine,

And pledge the universe in wine.

SCRAP.—Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE PENITENT RESTORED.

DURING the warm season, after the fatigue occasioned by the necessary attendance to worldly business, I have frequently indulged myself for an hour or two on the Battery. The cheerful society which I generally had the happiness to meet with in my perambulations, served to heighten and afford a peculiar satisfaction to the past employment of the day; from the hurry of business, from the noise and bustle of the town, social conversation on various topics, formed the contrast, and rendered the pleasure mutual.

Returning alone, rather late, one evening, I was accosted by a female voice, who bade me "good night." Unused to a salutation so uncommon in such a place, curiosity prompted me to return, and enquire by whom I was known. "I bade you good night, (said the unknown) hoping that you might be induced to return, and afford at least you pity, if not you assistance, to the wretched that ever sought alleviation of complicated misery."

"You appear indeed wretched, (said I) at least your dress bespeaks you so." "Not alone externally, (said she) indeed that appearance I could with ease support; but, my mind, torn with remorse and shame, knows no extension of its guilt. Three tedious wretched years have I lived in the haunts of vice and intemperance—I am now reduced to the last extremity—if you can afford me relief, I may yet live—"

That Power who gave me being gave me gratitude, (she continued) and until this poor and almost worn-out thread of life is quite extinct, I shall hold in grateful remembrance the undeserved attention you have afforded me." I paused in observance of her tears.—"Could you still further assist the wretched, I might yet return to society—an outcast as I am might once again be happy—might know a release from the sufferings which now press on this lacerated heart—"

I was silent.

"I have a father, (continued the unfortunate girl) a respectable merchant in the metropolis of Massachusetts. His parental regards I have forfeited. The indulgence of a too fond affection proved my ruin. My father forbade me his presence. Without home, without friends,—and possessing too much pride to subject myself to the continued scoffs of connections whose pity would be cruelly, I fled to this city.—Alas! the remaining part of my story you may easily conjecture.—I cannot relate it."

"Should a reconciliation with your father take place, (said I) would you be content to renounce the follies of the world?"

"The poor galley-slave, chained, and subject to the lash of some unfeeling mercenary tyrant, should he, by some unexpected event, be ransomed from captivity, and permitted once again to embrace an affectionate family,—he would not feel sensations more joyful than would my bosom entertain, could I once more meet the smiles of an injured and justly offended parent."

"Then I will exert my utmost, (said I) to procure you happiness. Return to your home, and in twelve days from this call upon me."

In the interim I wrote to the father of the unfortunate GERTRUDE. A draft of considerable amount accompanied his reply. Necessaries for the unhappy girl were procured, and she has returned to the arms of parental forgiveness.—Information of her present happy situation has reached me; and I adore the goodness of Omnipotence in enabling me to assist the return of a fellow being to the path of rectitude.

Pearl Street, Sept. 28, 1802.

HAT AND WIG.

A Fellow walking down Snow Hill, London, on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning on a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter. "Sir, (said the old man) an impudent rascal has just snatched my hat off, and ran away with it. I have run after him until I have quite lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther." "What not a step?" says the fellow. "Not a single step," returned the other. "Why then, by Jupiter, I must have your wig," and snatched off his fine flowing caxon, and was out of sight in a minute.

ANECDOTE.—A Gentleman not much versed in literary affairs, once asked an Hibernian friend what was the meaning of posthumous works? "Zounds! (exclaimed Terence) don't you know that? why they are books which a man writes after he is dead, to be sure!"

ON TIME.

MARK yonder vessel with expanded sail,
And gilded pennons streaming to the wind,
Rapidly driven by the prosperous gale,
Woods, groves and mountains leaving far behind,
But mark again; a fatal rock is near,
The careless pilot slumbers at the helm;
Yet a few moments, and the furies dear
Of death the wand'ring vessel shall o'erwhelm.
Awake, O reader! and thy life prolong,—
Thou art no cool spectator on the shore;
Thou art the pilot,—and thy bark along
The tide of life may urge its course no more!
Why then, oh! why do'st thou slumber time away,
Unmindful of the rocks that round thee rise?
Awake, for lo! the blissful light of day
From coming tempests quickly, quickly flies.
September 30.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1802.

LIST OF BURIALS.

The City Clerk reports that thirty three persons have died in this city during the week ending on Sunday the 26th, viz. of Fits 1, Childbed 1, Lax 5, Dropsy 1, Teething 2, Consumption 6, Nervous Affection 1, Cholera morbus 2, Decay 1, Bilious Fever 1, Stabbed on board a French frigate 1, Complication of Diseases 1, Vomiting 1, Sore Throat 1, Fever 2, Palsy 1, and 5 of Diseases not mentioned. Of the whole number 18 were Adults, and 15 Children.

An instance of providential preservation occurred on Friday, the 17th ult. As Mr. Smith son of Mr. W. T. Smith, of Philadelphia, was returning to his country seat on the Ridge Road, his horse suddenly halted in consequence of a flash of lightning. Finding it impossible to urge him on, Mr. Smith, alighting from his chair, and taking the bridle from over his neck led him on. They had proceeded but a few paces in this manner, when a second flash of lightning occurred, and instantly killed the horse, while Mr. Smith remained unharmed. What is very remarkable a white glass bottle, containing lead water, which was in Mr. Smith's waist-pocket, was converted into a deep blue color. Phil. pap.

From the Hudson "Box" of September 21.

We are very sorry to have it in our turn to add one to the number of melancholy accidents which have occurred from lightning the present season. The city of Hudson, supposed to be secured from the violence of the "sulphurous blast" by its contiguity to Catskill mountains and the neighboring hills, had not experienced a stroke from lightning since its first settlement. On Tuesday last, however, between 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M. the clouds collected in our vicinity, and a terrible and violent thunder-storm succeeded. A house in Front-street was struck, and Mrs. BATESY GUNN, wife of Mr. Edward Gunn, killed, and her only child, an infant of six months old which she held in her arms very much hurt, besides several other persons considerably injured in the house. The lightning struck the chimney first, and came down to the hearth of the fourth story, then darted a foot or two from the chimney, and went through the floor in the third story where Mrs. Gunn was standing, then went through to the second story to a clock, some parts of which it melted, splitting and shivering the case—then down to the ground floor and into the earth. Mrs. Gunn's grandmother was in the room with her at the same time, but was so other way injured than almost suffocated by the smoke and sulphurous fumes. In the room where the clock stood, an old gentleman Col. Worthington, and his wife were much offended. A bird in this room was unhurt though its cage was broken to pieces.

The funeral of the deceased was attended the next day, when a well adapted sermon was delivered on the occasion in the meeting-house by the Rev. Mr. Judd.

A second squall, about an hour from the first, came over and threatened equal violence, but fortunately did no damage. In this storm, we learn, a barn belonging to a widow Curtis, in Canham, full of grain and hay, was struck and consumed.

A house was blown down in Albany in the above gale, and a man killed and several others wounded under it. And we have heard of several barns being burnt by the lightning and blown down by the wind, in the neighborhood of this city, but have no correct particulars.

On the 5th ult. a son of Mr. Samuel Stern, of Providence, (R. I.) fell on a penknife, which pierced his right breast, and put a period to his existence in one hour.

By the foreign papers received on Saturday, by the ship Brothers, it appears that the question respecting the election of Bonaparte as Consul for life, has been decided in the affirmative—out of 3,577,859 votes, 3,668,196 were in favor of the measure.

The salaries paid to the three estates of the French Legislative Government, are—Senators, per annum, and for life 25,000 francs—members of the Tribunal, 15,000—members of the Legislative Body, 10,000.

The intended partition of Turkey obtains almost general belief in Europe; and in consequence, several British officers are said to be about entering into the service of the Sultan.

The French Government are preparing to avenge the insult offered to their flag, by the cruisers of the Dey of Algiers. Two Divisions have sailed from Brest for the purpose of chastising these petty depredators upon the commerce of the Mediterranean.

TOUSSAINT.

The following are some details with respect to the arrest of Toussaint at St. Domingo:—Gen. Leclerc dispatched secretly the Creole frigate to St. Mary, with an Aide-de-Camp and some troops, who proceeded from thence to the house of Toussaint at Gonaves. As soon as the house had been surrounded, the Aide-de-Camp requested Toussaint to yield himself and all his family to the orders of the General; he made some difficulties at first, particularly with respect to carrying his family with him, which he did not think necessary. He offered to go by land, but seeing the armed force, he obeyed and set off. The frigate appeared before the harbor, and kept a given distance, where the Heron, of 74 guns, approached to receive Toussaint and his family. During the whole passage to France, he was closely guarded in his apartment. [Lon. pap.]

[From a London paper.]

Among the many acts of human degeneracy, of which we daily hear, we know of none so aggravating in its circumstance as the following, which is the substance of the evidence of Captain Walker, of the Royal George merchantman, taken on Wednesday the 21st of July, before the Mayor of Portsmouth, in the examination of Archibald M'Mullen, late boatman of the said ship, for the murder of a negro slave in the month of August 1799, when on a voyage from the coast of Africa to Grenada. It appeared that M'Mullen had been serving the slaves their provisions, when he was rather intoxicated, and observing that one of them did not eat his allowance, beat him most cruelly on the head with the handle of his ear, a stick about an inch in diameter, and also with his fist, when the poor African fell against one of the guns; that he then ran his stick against his stomach, and with it thrust the meat down his throat; he afterwards gagged him, put a collar on his neck, another on his thigh, and iron on his legs. In this state the deceased remained until the next morning, when he was brought upon deck, he immediately fell down and expired. During the whole of this brutality the negro made not the least resistance. M'Mullen was committed to take his trial at the next Admiralty Sessions for the offence, and Mr. Walker is bound over in £500 to prosecute and give evidence against him.

A young sailor was on Friday tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions for an assault upon his wife. Jack did not deny the fact; but according to his mode of telling the story, he had also cause to complain. He could never get her to keep in the same birth with him, and caught her out at night cruising under false colors! notwithstanding this prosecution, he confessed he was still fond of his spouse; but having found her one day in a house of bad fame, he owned that his passion overcame him, and he beat her with a cat-o'-nine-tails. The jury, whose noble faculties were provoked, acquitted him.

The following remarkable "capricious turn of sportive fortune's wheel" has lately occurred:—a shoemaker in Sunderland, named Webster, who, together with a wife and family, had long known the extreme of poverty, has been left heir to property to the amount of nearly £20,000.

AN APPRENTICE.

WANTED immediately at the Office of the WEEKLY MUSEUM, No. 3 Peck Slip, a Youth of reputable connections and good disposition, as an apprentice to the Printing Business. October 2.

COURT OF HYMEN.

DEAR is the change of mutual vows;
Love return'd, new love shall claim;—
And the spark, that faintly glows,
Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!

MARRIED.

At Montreville, Sullivan Island (S.C.) WM. LOWMEYER, Esq. to Miss PINEKEY, daughter of T. Pinekey, Esq.

At Hudson, Mr. THOMAS HUSSEY, to Miss PATIENCE HAZARD.

At Poughkeepsie, Mr. JOHN N. BAILEY, merchant, to Miss BATESY DUBOIS.

At Newport, Rhode-Island, Mr. SAMUEL KING, merchant of this city, to Miss HARRIET VERNON, daughter of Samuel Vernon, Esq. of Newport.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. WILLIAM L. PEEBSON, to Miss MARGARET BUEL, both of this city.

Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. PATRICK LARKINGS, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH COOK, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, CHARLES M'EVANS, jun. Esq. of this city, to Miss MARGARET COOPER, daughter of Amos Cooper, Esq. late of Dutchess County.

MORTALITY.

"DEATH, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away."

DIED.

On Sunday last, Mrs. BAKER, wife of Mr. William Baker, cooper-smith, of this city. She was a worthy woman, is much lamented by her relatives and acquaintance, and by the poor, who in her have lost a friend and benefactor. We understand that a sermon will be preached on the occasion, in the Methodist Church in John-street, to-morrow evening.

On Wednesday, Mrs. MARGARET LYDIG, in her 73d year; a lady generally known, and much respected.

THE Rev. JOHN STANFORD, M. A. respectfully informs Parents and Guardians, that he can agreeably accommodate Six Young Gentlemen in his family with Board and Education, during the winter season, No. 81 Fair-Street, N. York.

SINGING SCHOOL.

Will be attended by Mr. Kimball, Mr. Edson, and Mr. Kitchel, the ensuing season, on Monday and Friday evenings, at their respective rooms, commencing the 4th inst. The four first meetings, the doors will be open for Ladies and Gentlemen who may wish to call; after which time they will be shut against all but subscribers, and they admitted only by ticket. NB. Price of tuition Two Dollars per quarter, one dollar to be paid on receiving the ticket, and the remainder at the expiration of the term, October 2. 34 1

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets; and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the skin:—I beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public, that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store. FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802. 27 3m

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

The Beggar Boy,

Written by the late THOMAS BELLAMY.

MR. PALMER,

ON Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at the Assembly-Room, No. 68 William-Street, will deliver a discourse on the following subject:

What are the essential characteristics of true religion, and what influence have false religions produced upon the morals of mankind, October 2. [paid]

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE LATE REPENTANCE.

WHILE false LYCAON proudly lies
To boast his triumph unrelenting,
In lonely woe AMANDA sighs,
Too late her easy faith repenting.

He leads the dance, perfumes his hair,
Some other virgin's shame pursuing;
She wrings her hands in wan despair,
And wildly weeps o'er her undoing.

Ye lovely maids, whose bosoms glow
With gentle flames of pure affection,
O turn to fash a sister's woe!
O let her fate be your protection!

O guard against betraying man
Your spotless fame, your virgin treasure!
Let not his high vow bosoms fan,
His lip inflame your souls to pleasure.

A bee amid the pride of spring,
The rose's dewy sweets collected,
Then gaily spread his roving wing,
And left the fading flower neglected.

Thus man the bloom of beauty wastes;
Thus injured beauty droops deserted;
Thus in daisy AMANDA hastes,
In silence, drooping, broken hearted.

The hour of female frailty ne'er
Is by the cruel world forgiven;
Yet weep, O weep, ill-fated fair!
Thy tears may win the grace of Heaven.

Thy mother mourns,—thy shame is told;
Thy father's days shall pass in sorrow;
Thy lip is pale,—thy cheek is cold;
The grave shall hide thy woe to-morrow.

Like thee, of every hope denied,
LYCAON's guilty soul shall languish;
Disease and scorn shall blast his pride,
Remorse convert his hours to anguish.

[Glasgow pap.]

SONG.

YE fair ones, who're single, attend to my lay,
Nor think that I'm jesting whatever I say—
You all know how fickle and changing is man,
Then girls pray get married as fast as you can.

"To be an old maid is a terrible thing,"
Old Maids themselves are oft ready to sing;
And life too, 'tis said, is only a span,
Get married then, girls, as fast as you can.

Come, leave off coquetting, and do as you should,
And to lovers be kind when they're in the mood;
To be wasting your time thus is n't the plan,
So, girls, all get married as fast as you can.

ANECDOTES.

AN Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for his customary fee, but finding no present appear, scratched his head and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Paddy, what did the gentleman give you? what would your honor have me to tell him?'"

A country clergyman who wished to prepare the children of his parishioners for saving their catechism, asked a simple lad "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?"—"Truly, (replied the boy) I know not what they will do, but I am sure they have done little enough for me yet."

A witness in the Grosvenor cause at Westminster Hall having a hardolphian nose, the opposite counsel thinking to embarrass him, began with, "Now you Mr. with the copper nose, now you are sworn, what have you to say?"—"Why, by the oath I have sworn, (replied he) I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who, while shaving his head, was entertaining him with an account of the wars in Italy, and giving him a description of the country, till growing verbose and tedious in his operation, the gentleman wished to know whether he was drawing a map of the country upon his head with the razor.

MORALIST.

AT a time when the laborious husbandman receives the annual reward of his daily toil, when the seeming earth presents him with a golden harvest, what tribute is so proper as that of gratitude? Then it is that the voice of Nature loudly calls for the voice of praise. When we behold the circling year crowned with the goodness of Him who brings the seasons round; when we see all animated beings partaking of the bounty of the Creator, should we withhold our thanks, the brute creation might well reproach our ingratitude.

Indebted for our existence, what do we enjoy for which we owe not thanks? To our beneficent Creator let us then consecrate his gifts, while we regale our senses with the enjoyment of them.

Ingratitude is a crime so detestable, that in all ages, whoever has been known to be guilty of it in his treatment of his fellow creatures, has been branded with eternal infamy. What then must we think of those who are insensible to the obligations they owe to the great Benefactor of mankind, and instead of praising, refuse even to acknowledge the hand that feeds them. [Middlebury Mercury.]

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete. 28th August.

For the Use the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE-FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 82 William-Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomades of all sorts, combed and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash-Balls, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Astringent Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Fricats, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 30

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Particularly Pimples, Blisters, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

M. WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A general assortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, 00 if

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